

# Immortal Technique Lyrics

## "Crossing The Boundary"

Danger! Beat bandits, nigga!  
Yeah. Harlem to Chicago to L.A., to Toronto, Philly, motherfucking Rio De Janeiro, nigga  
Ha-ha. Cape Town, South Africa

I never make songs that disrespect women  
Or that judge people about the way that they're living  
But the way I am is based on the life I was given  
Like them white boys: 'Losing My Religion'

I used to be a Christian and a political pawn  
The Bible is right and all your native culture is wrong  
Next thing you know you telling me 'bout making a song  
Come in the studio, and tell me that I'm making it wrong

Pissed off 'cause reality is making us strong  
Like the ghost of Timothy McVeigh making a bomb  
'Ey yo Marvin Gaye, what the fuck is going on  
These rap niggas made propaganda out of your song

But it's the gong show, amateur night at the Apollo  
My dick is like my music, but harder to swallow  
So children follow me, like the pied piper  
And sing the chorus in the air, with your blunt in your lighter

Sing that shit nigga right now

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

You played yourself thinking your down with me  
I end your life, nigga, don't fuck around with me  
And if you kids can't listen, then you're bound to see  
The way you get shot for crossing the boundary

The second verse is worse than the first in this respect  
Scripted specifically to keep people in check  
Harlem to Boston, real niggas spit with me  
But Landspeed, you ain't fucking shit to me

And underground labels know that I don't trust you  
You're only independent 'til you're major, so fuck you  
And if you're pissed off 'cause you think that I dissed you  
I'll rape your mom so we can make this a personal issue

'Dance With The Devil', remember that you're not on my level

Stupid, you're not ready, I won Disypher, Bragging Rights from Rocksteady  
And practically every battle that they got in New York  
And I still murder rappers on the street for sport

Doctor Guillotine cutting you short, little man  
But you don't give me props 'cause I never won at Scribble Jam  
Well, fuck you, I hope somebody you love dies, so fuck your crew  
And fuck your family too  
Technique said it bitch  
What the fuck you gon' do?

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Yeah. Wrap it up on these niggas. Wrap it up. Yeah

Immortal Technique incinerate degenerate fags  
Burn Trent Lott, wrapped in his confederate flag  
I got the Beretta with my face wrapped in a rag  
So put the African slave jewelry in the bag

Motherfuckers tell me that a diamond is forever  
What?  
But is it worth the blood of Malcolm and Medgar Evers?  
House niggas get your head severed trying to be thug  
You don't concern me, I'm trying to hurt the people you love

Word of mouth is I'm in the club being sneaky  
I'm like the body snatchers and your girl is getting sleepy  
I'll murder you indiscreetly, right at the source  
Like the Roman legionnaire that stabbed Christ on the cross

This is about Judo, it ain't about Jesus  
And you shouldn't fucking talk about telekinesis  
Nigga, please, moving shit with your mind  
Try moving your moms out the projects with your rhymes

And next time, I'm coming after 'cual quiera' profanity  
Fucking 'carajo maldita mierda'  
Roll up 'de hierba, y pasala, para la izquierda'

Put the price up to listen to me pop shit  
'Cause I got Martha Stewart giving me stock tips  
Underground money with honeys up in the whip  
Bangbus.com, nigga, fucking your bitch

Yeah, played yourself, nigga  
Fuck all ya, you don't know shit about me  
Why open your mouth and discuss who the fuck I am  
I thought I told you niggas on volume one, I wasn't fucking around  
You just slept, 'cause you sold a few thousand units in the golden era  
When niggas would buy anything on the shelf  
But those days are through, and you are through with them